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cessful example in providing against the insufficiency of the sanitary service in armies.

The wide range and great magnitude of the Sanitary Commission's work have been inevitable results of the vast increase of our forces, and of the original and fixed policy of the Commission, "to secure for the men who have enlisted in this war that care which it is the will and the duty of the nation to give them."

This work has been, and must continue to be, rendered practicable by the hearty support and sympathy of our free and loyal people. It is a necessity which an advancing civilization has laid upon their hearts and their hands. And while in our peaceful homes and in our popular armies it is joyfully accepted as a labor equally of patriotism and of love, the influence of this great scheme of beneficent labor has gone out to all other civilized nations as an impressive illustration of the progress of that humane Christian spirit which is augmenting the popular appreciation of the sacredness of human life and human sympathies, and which shall yet elevate the brotherhood of states and nations above the very causes of war.

ART. IV.—*Mémoires de Jean Sire de Joinville ou Histoire et Chronique du Très-Chrétien Roi Saint Louis publiés par M. FRANCISQUE MICHEL. Précédés de Dissertations par M. AMBR. FIRMIN DIDOT et d'une Notice sur les Manuscrits du Sire de Joinville par M. PAULIN PARIS.* Paris: Librairie de Firmin Didot Frères, Fils et Cie. 1859. 12°. pp. clxxxix., 356.

[Memoirs of John, Lord of Joinville, or History and Chronicle of the Most Christian King Saint Louis.]

ONE of the most delightful books that ever was written is the Memoirs of the King St. Louis by the Sire de Joinville. It is at once the most picturesque of chronicles, the sincerest of biographies, and the most unconscious of personal narratives. It is so full of human nature, that it interests us like a contemporaneous narrative.

St. Louis was the typical personage of his time,—the man in whom the qualities that marked the age found their highest and most characteristic expression. When men were most sensitive to the impressions of religion, he was the most Christian of kings, the most devout of men. At a time when the imaginations of men were in a condition of exaltation, he was the wildest dreamer of all. No Schoolman went beyond him in fondness for the subtle speculations of theology. No monk surpassed him in humility, in chastity, in patience, in reverence for the Church. Among knights he was the bravest and the gentlest. He was the truest of friends. Even to his own companions and to the people of his realm he seemed the ideal of a king,—humane, courteous, pious,—and they beheld in him alike the accomplishments of a hero and the virtues of a saint.

Joinville tells us more of the personal character of Louis than is to be gathered from all other books, and in giving a lively portrait of the King gives us a no less lively likeness of himself. He was indeed the worthy friend and companion-at-arms of his king. Of a nature less spiritual and elevated, but of sounder temper, less enthusiastic, and of less ascetic tendency, of a freer disposition and a richer humor,—in a word, less of a saint and more of a man than Louis,—Joinville is the pattern of a true knight of the later days of chivalry, at once a good Christian and a man of the world, bold, frank, simple-hearted, and loyal. With entire artlessness and a childlike simplicity he shows himself to us; he makes his readers his friends, he takes us into his intimacy; and when we come to the end of his book, it is as if we had finished a long talk with the old crusader, as if he and we were separated by no gulf of time, but had shaken hands together across the centuries. Few books are of so much worth in bringing us into sympathetic relations with the past.

As a literary composition, the Memoirs are quite without art, but they are marvellous as the work of a man eighty-five years old, reviewing the events of his young days. They have all the freshness and color of youth. The impressions received so many years before remain sharp and distinct upon the memory of the old knight, and he recounts the scenes and

incidents of the past in a style of unrivalled clearness, energy, and picturesqueness. Years and cares have left him still all that is best of youth.*

* The latest, and as regards the text the best edition of Joinville, is that published by Didot at Paris in 1859, the title of which stands at the head of this article. It is to this edition that the references in the following pages are made.

The history of the editions of the Memoirs is curious. The first, edited by Antoine Pierre de Rieux, was printed at Poitiers in 1546. The period at which it appeared was an unhappy one for the monuments of the Middle Ages. The spirit of the *Renaissance* was at its height, and there was a mania for so-called restoration and improvement. The character of the preceding centuries was neither comprehended nor respected. Following the taste of his times, the editor takes great credit to himself for having improved the simple style of Joinville. "There is not," he says, "less merit in skilfully polishing a diamond or any other fine stone, than in finding it in its rough state; therefore, not less praise ought to be bestowed on the present author [editor] for having brought the present history to good order and an elegant style, than on him who was its first composer." The *naïveté* and freshness of the original were quite destroyed, and the honest seneschal would have hardly recognized his work in its new dress.

This corrupted text was three times reprinted. In 1617 the work was newly edited by Claude Menard. The text was somewhat bettered, but was still left very different from that which Joinville wrote.

In 1668, the great scholar Du Cange edited the work anew; but as he was not able to consult any manuscript of the original, his text is only a *rifacimento* of the two preceding. He added to the Memoirs, however, a valuable series of illustrative dissertations, full of learning, which are reprinted in the last volume of Henschel's edition of his *Glossarium Medie et Infimae Latinitatis*, Paris, 1850.

In 1761, under the auspices of Louis XV., the original text was for the first time printed from a manuscript in the Royal Library. And this text has been generally followed in subsequent impressions of the work.

In 1807, Colonel Johnes of Hafod published an English translation of the Memoirs, in two volumes, quarto; but unfortunately he chose to use the text of Du Cange rather than that of the edition of 1761. He speaks of the true text as being "unintelligible to three fourths of its readers, who, unless perfectly well versed in the old French language, would be fatigued and disgusted with it," and he determined to employ the modernized version, "first on account of the difficulty, we had almost said impossibility, of reading the text of the edition of 1761, and, secondly, on account of the necessity of preserving that of Du Cange, in order to add his remarks and observations, which cannot be detached from it." (Vol. I. p. 3.) The Colonel's learning was not superior to his taste. He greatly exaggerates the difficulties of the original, which are seldom insurmountable by any one who has a fair knowledge of French, with the help of a glossary of obsolete words; and although he chose the easier and modernized version, he falls frequently into amusing blunders. Thus, in a passage describing the landing on the shore near Damietta, Joinville says: "Les Sarrazins envoient au soudanc par coulouns messagiers par trois fois que le roy estoit arrivé," — "The Saracens sent to the Sultan by carrier-pigeons three times that the King had arrived," — which Colonel Johnes translates, "A messenger called Coulon was sent thrice to the Sultan of the Saracens to inform him of the arrival of the King of France." A book not rarer than Cotgrave's fine old Dictionary might have spared

The book begins with an account of its origin, in a dedication to Louis le Hutin, the great-grandson of the Saint: —

“ To his good Lord Louis, son of the King of France, by the grace of God King of Navarre, Count Palatine of Champaigne and of Brie, John, Sire de Joinville, his Seneschal of Champaigne, offers greeting, and love, and honor, and his ready service. Dear Lord, I give you to know that Madame the Queen, your mother, who loved me much, and to whom may God give good reward, begged me as earnestly as she could that I should make a book of the holy words and of the good deeds of our king, Saint Louis, and I promised them to her, and by the aid of God the book is finished in two parts.

“ The first part tells how he governed himself all his life according to the will of God, and according to the Church, and to the profit of his kingdom.

“ The second part of the book speaks of his great chivalries and his great deeds of arms.”

St. Louis was born on the 25th of April, the day of St. Mark, 1215. His father, Louis VIII., died when he was but eleven years old, leaving the sole charge of him to his mother, Blanche of Castile, a queen not less by nature than by station. Beautiful in person and vigorous in mind, understanding how to hold and to use authority, she not only governed the kingdom well during the long minority of her son, but exercised over him the tenderest and most watchful motherly care. His character was moulded by her, and the relations that existed between mother and son, as long as she lived, were of unusual closeness and devotion. “ As to his soul, during his childhood, God guarded him by the good teachings of his mother, for she taught him to believe in God and to love him. And he was wont to relate that his mother had sometimes told him she would rather he should die than that he should commit a mortal sin.” (p. 23.) By prudence and boldness she repressed the jealous and turbulent barons of the realm, who,

him this odd mistake, by showing him that *coulon* was but an old form of *colombe*. His translation gives no idea of the charm and spirit of the original. It has been reprinted by Bohn, London, 1848, as part of a volume of his Antiquarian Library, entitled “Chronicles of the Crusades.” A good translation into English of the original would make a delightful book for such readers as are disinclined to take the required trouble to read Joinville’s own words.

being able to cope with her neither in policy nor in arms, revenged themselves by slanders in satire and song.* But the character of the young and solitary Queen was the sufficient answer to such assaults.

The love and care of Blanche were well rewarded in the virtues of her son. Even in his childhood, his natural qualities gave promise of a rare and noble character. He had a sweet, grave modesty and grace, which won the love of all who saw him. His purity and gentleness of spirit were displayed in his looks and in his demeanor. "His face was full of charms," says one old writer, in describing him,— "Facies ejus plena gratiarum";—"A youth gracious and lovely in the eyes of all," says another,— "Juvenis omnium oculis gratiosus et amabilis fuit." But his constitution was not strong, and his health often gave cause for anxiety. At no time of his life does he seem to have been robust, but he had great powers of endurance, and at times nervous energy supplied the want of muscular vigor. He could fight with the strongest while the battle lasted, but he was overcome with exhaustion at its end. The teachings of his mother, and his own disposition, gave to him in youth manners becoming a king. He treated all alike with civility, he never spoke ill of any one, and it is noted, as a proof of his politeness, that he addressed every person to whom he spoke in the plural.† "Sic cœpit in morum honestate gra-

* It is worth remark, that, among all the satires and scandals of his reign, the character of Louis is never attacked. "What is wrong is attributed to his mother, to his counsellors, to the Devil: there are complaints of his mildness, of his weakness, but his loyalty and virtue are never in doubt." See *La Satire en France au Moyen Age*, par C. Lenient, Paris, 1859, p. 60; — a learned and lively book.

There is a pleasing anecdote told of Queen Blanche, that one day, seeing among the pages of her court a fair youth who was a stranger to her, she asked who he was; and being told that he was Prince Herman, the son of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, who had died not many years before, she rose from her seat, and going to the youth, greeted him, saying: "Thou hadst a blessed mother. Where was she wont to kiss thee?" He pointed to his forehead, and the Queen kissed him there, with the words, "Sancta Elizabetha, patrona nostra dulcissima, ora pro nobis."

"If zealous Love should go in search of Virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanche?"

† This point of good manners is well illustrated by a passage in a letter of Peter of Blois, written in 1198: "Quodque per *tu* et *tibi* et *te* scribo, moleste non feras: pluralis enim loquutio, qua uni loquendo mentimur, sermo adulatorius est, longe a sacro eloquio alienus." Petri Blesensis Opera, ed. Giles, I. 59.

tiosus in omnium oculis apparere," — "Thus he began through the good grace of his manners to be pleasing to the eyes of all." *

The minority and the early years of the reign of Louis were troubled with the constant revolts of powerful nobles, and with frequent wars with England. But the energy of his mother and his own spirit overcame successive perils, and secured for him a firm seat upon the throne. The contest, however, between the King and the great vassals was not concluded till 1243, when, after a successful campaign in Aquitaine against Henry III. of England, who had been joined by some of the chief barons of France, Louis made a truce for five years with the English king, and received the humble submission of his own revolted nobles. The triumph of the feudal monarchy was complete, and France was at length in great part a united kingdom, under a single acknowledged head. But this triumph was dearly bought. Louis, always delicate in health, and of a frail constitution, had suffered from the exposures and fatigues of the war. He was taken ill toward the end of the year 1244, at the Castle of Pontoise, and lay for many days in a state of such exhaustion as to excite the deepest alarm. At last he fell into a lethargy, and "he was so far gone, as he related it," says Joinville, "that one of the ladies who was watching him was about to draw the cloth over his face, and said that he was dead. But another lady who was on the other side of the bed would not permit her, but declared that his soul was still in his body. Howbeit that he heard the discourse of these two ladies, our Lord wrought in him, and immediately sent health to him, for he moved, but could not yet speak. Then [when he could speak] he desired that the cross should be given to him, and so it was done. Then the Queen, his mother, heard that speech had returned to him, and her joy was so great that she could not have been more glad. And when she knew that he had taken the cross, as he himself told her, she mourned with sorrow as great as if she had beheld him dead." (p. 34.)

The red cross that the King had taken, and which henceforth he bore upon his coat, was at once the pledge and the signal of

* Tillemont, Vie de Saint Louis, V. 325 - 331.

his vow to go on a crusade to the Holy Land. But the spirit that had made the early crusades the expression of a general and deep-seated emotion, was now for the most part dead. Times had changed since all classes, from knight to peasant, had leagued themselves together, in a common impulse of religious passion, to rescue the sepulchre of the Lord from the hands of the infidels. The thirteenth century was one of transition from an old to a new order of things. In such a period enthusiasm and fervor are apt to burn with uncertain fires. Fifty years later a crusade was impossible, and even at this time it was almost an anachronism. But Louis did not recognize, or acknowledged but in part to himself, the change that had taken place since the days of the earlier “wars of the Lord.” His good sense was powerless to appeal from the dictates of his conscience; and what he esteemed his duty to Christ was enforced upon him by the accounts of the distress and sufferings of the Christians of the Holy Land which now came with every arrival from the East. He was possessed with two desires,—one to secure peace in his own kingdom and among the Christian nations of Europe; the other, the deliverance of the Holy Places. The first he tried in vain to accomplish, finding his chief obstacle in the wilfulness and passions of the Pope, Innocent IV., but the second seemed to rest within his own power to fulfil. He had no thought of his own worldly interests, was misled by no lure of ambition, but he yielded to the impulses of a faith, which, however clear-sighted in spiritual things, was too often blind to those of earth. It is impossible not to honor the purity of the motives of Louis, and not to sympathize with him in the difficulties that arose in carrying out his design. No one favored it. His mother set her strong, imperious will, to which he had always been accustomed to yield, against it; his nobles were slack in acceding to it; his people were averse to his leaving them; the king of England offered no help; the Pope threw obstacle after obstacle in his way. But his vow had been made on no sudden impulse, it was the expression of a long-cherished and deliberate intention, and no influence could avail to turn him from its fulfilment.

In the course of the year 1245 several of the chief nobles of the kingdom took the cross. But the number who thus

volunteered was not sufficient to enable Louis to proceed, and at Christmas of this year he secured, by a singular device, the adhesion of many who could not otherwise be induced to join in an undertaking to which their inclinations were averse, whatever might be the suggestions of loyalty or of conscience. "At this season it was the custom," says Matthew Paris, "for great people to bestow fresh changes of garments, which we commonly call new clothes, on the members of their households." Wherefore the King ordered a great number of cloaks to be made of the most costly cloth, trimmed with fur, and secretly and by night he caused crosses of fine gold lace to be sewed on to the shoulder-pieces. Then he ordered those to whom he gave these cloaks to attend him, wearing them, early in the morning, before sunrise, to the church to hear mass. While they were at service the day broke, and each knight saw the sign of the cross on his neighbor's cloak. Thus, by degrees understanding the trick practised upon them, and thinking that it would be unbecoming and disgraceful for them to lay aside the cross after having once borne it, they laughed till they cried, calling the King a hunter of pilgrims and a fisher of men after a new sort.*

This story gives curious illustrations of feelings and of manners in the declining days of chivalry. The sense of knightly honor is as quick as of old, but of old it would have been needless to engage it in the service of the Lord by any deception or any royal gift. The King alone seemed to keep alive the spirit of the former age, when the poet sang, "Every valiant knight who loveth God or desireth the honor of this world will go, and but the mean and the coward will stay behind."† But now the tone was changed, and the poets sung, "Better every way it is to stay in one's own land, than to go poor and wretched where is neither comfort nor joy."‡

* Matt. Paris, Anno 1246.

† "Or s'en iront cil vaillant bacheler
Ki aiment Dicu, et l'onour de cest mont,
Ki sagement voient à Dieu aler ;
Et li morveux, li cendreux demourront."

Chants Hist. Franç., 1ère Série, p. 126.

‡ "Encor vault mielx toute voie
Demorer en son paüs

But though the numbers of those pledged to the crusade were thus increased, the opposition to the design was not diminished, and every effort was used to turn the intention of the King. One day, a year or more after the scene in the church, Queen Blanche and the Bishop of Paris, in the presence of the court, besought him to break his vow.

“‘My lord,’ said the Bishop, ‘remember, when you took the cross you were ill, and, to speak truth, not in your right mind. The Pope will grant us a dispensation when he knows the necessity of the realm and the weak state of your health.’ His mother more effectually urged him with her solicitations. ‘Dearest child,’ she said, ‘hear and give heed to the counsels of those who love you. Trust not your own judgment. Think what a virtue it is, and how pleasing to God, to obey your mother, and to yield to her wishes. Stay; the Holy Land shall suffer no harm. God is not exacting or cavilling. The unsoundness of your mind when you were so near death is a sufficient excuse for you.’ Then the King, not a little moved, said: ‘You assert that the loss of my senses was the cause of my taking the cross. Behold, then, according to your desire and persuasion, I lay it aside; I give up the cross to you’; and he tore the cross from his shoulder, and said, ‘My Lord Bishop, here is the cross by which I was pledged; of my own will I resign it to you.’ At these words all those who were present were filled with inexpressible joy; but suddenly the King, with an altered look and voice, said: ‘My friends, now of a truth I am neither out of

Que aler pauvres chaitis,
Là où il n'a solaz ne joie.”

Ibid., p. 129.

This quatrain is from a poem by Thibaut, Count de Champagne. The popular feeling was expressed by Rutebeuf, the Béranger of the thirteenth century, in a poem entitled “*Dispute du Croisé et du Descroisé*,” in which, although the arguments of the first finally prevail, those of the latter are the most vigorously urged.

“ Go you beyond the sea to dwell,
 You whom great exploits fire,
And to your prince the Sultan tell
 I care not for his ire.
If he comes here, ill shall he fare,
 I will not go to seek him there.

“ Vous irez outre le mer paistre
 Qui poez grant fait embracier,
Dites le soudan votre maître
 Que je pris pou son menacier.
S'il vient de là, mal le vit naître,
 Mais là ne l'irai pas chacier.”

wits nor sick. I demand the cross to be given back to me ; for He who is ignorant of nothing knows that no food shall enter my mouth till I again bear the sign.' And when the by-standers heard this, they declared that the finger of the Lord was manifest ; and no one dared after this to raise any further question."*

Henceforth the preparations for departure went steadily on. Louis caused a strict inquiry to be made by special agents through the whole kingdom, to the end that, if any person had to complain of any exaction or injustice committed by royal officials, or in the name of the king, the wrong should be repaired.† He interdicted all private wars within the royal domain for the space of five years, and sought at the same time to secure his kingdom from external attacks during his absence. He renewed the truce with Henry III. of England, and he endeavored once and again to bring about a reconciliation between the Pope and the Emperor Frederic. He gave full authority to Queen Blanche as regent of the kingdom, and, calling his barons to Paris, made them take oath to be faithful and loyal to his children should any ill fate befall him during his absence. On the Friday after Pentecost, the 12th of June, 1248, he received at St. Denis, from the hands of the papal legate, the oriflamme, the pilgrim's staff and scrip, and thence set out on his journey. At Cluni he parted from his mother,—the mother who loved him so well, and who was never to see him again. Accompanied by his wife Marguerite, his brothers the Counts of Artois and Anjou, and a long train of nobles, he proceeded through France, and embarked at the recently built port of Aigues-Mortes ‡ on the 28th of August.

* Matt. Paris, Anno 1248.

† Ibid., Anno 1247.

‡ The forming of this port had been one of the great works carried on by Louis for several years in preparation for the crusade. The possessions of the crown upon the Mediterranean afforded no good harbor, and Louis felt the necessity of securing a suitable naval station for the supply and shelter of his expedition. Aigues-Mortes seemed the most favorable point for this object. About a league from the open sea, near where the western branch of the Rhone emptied itself into the lagoons of the coast, and surrounded by salt marshes, from which it derived its name (*aqua mortae*, dead waters), the circuit of the proposed city was traced, walls were erected for its defence, a port was dug, and a canal called the *Grau du Roi*, "The King's Channel," of sufficient size for large vessels, connected it with the waters of the Mediterranean. The port and city were finished in 1247, and the

Thirty-eight great vessels, on which were the members of his household and several of the chief barons, sailed in company, with many lesser craft, steering for Cyprus, where the host of crusaders had been ordered to assemble.

Joinville's personal narrative gives vividness to the scenes of departure and of the crusade. He was the vassal of Thibaut, Count of Champagne and King of Navarre, being his hereditary seneschal, or grand master of the household. He was consequently not directly bound to Louis, but he had nevertheless determined to go with him across the sea. He was some ten years younger than the King, being now about twenty-four years old. At Easter of this year, 1248, he summoned all his men and vassals to Joinville, "and on the vigil of Easter, when all the people whom I had sent for had come, was born John, my son. All that week we spent in feasts and revels; for my brother, the lord of Vaucouleurs, and other rich men who were there, provided entertainments one after the other on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. On Friday I said to them: 'Gentlemen, I am going over the sea, and I do not know if I shall come back. Now come on: if I have done any of you wrong, I will give quittance to each of you, as I have been accustomed to do for all those who have any claim on me or my people.' I gave quittance according to the verdict of all the people of my lands. And, that I might not weigh upon them,

King, in order to people the new town, granted great privileges to all who should establish themselves within it. Aigues-Mortes served its purpose for the crusade, and for some time afterward. But the city never flourished, the situation was unhealthy, the sea retreated farther and farther from it, the course of the Rhone was changed, and it is now little more than a picturesque and half-ruined monument of the Middle Ages.

Mr. Angus B. Reach, in his pleasant little book called "Claret and Olives," gives a sketch of its present aspect:—

"Presently we saw the gray walls of Aigues-Mortes, rising, massive and square, above the level line of the marshes, fronted by one lone minaret called the Tower of Constance. . . . Outside, the town looks like a mere fortification. You see nothing but the sweep of the massive walls reflected in the stagnant waters which lie dead around them. Not a house-top appears above the ramparts. . . . We entered by a deep Gothic arch, and found ourselves in narrow, gloomy, silent streets, the houses gray and ghastly, and many ruinous and deserted. . . . Aigues-Mortes has been dying of ague ever since it was founded. . . . On the seaward side of the walls Auguste showed me rings sunk in the stone, and to these rings, he said, the galleys and caravels of the King had been fastened. Traces of the canal which led to the sea are still visible amid the marsh and sand."

I withdrew from the council, and I performed whatever they reported to me, without discussion." (p. 36.) He then goes on to say that he mortgaged a great part of his land for his expenses and for security for claims upon him. A fine proof truly of the honesty and honor of the young knight. When the day for leaving home had come, he sent for the Abbot of Cheminon, who was noted as the best man of his order, and the Abbot "gave me my staff and scrip, and then, never to enter the castle again till my return, I set out from Joinville, on foot, barefooted, and in my shirt, and went thus to Blechicourt and St. Urban, and to other holy places near by ; and whilst I was going to Blechicourt and to St. Urban, I would not turn my eyes toward Joinville lest my heart should grow soft at the beautiful castle that I was leaving, and for my two children." These simple words touch the heart. They warm us to the young crusader ; to the old man who, after sixty years had gone by, still remembered the sadness of that long-ago farewell. The peculiar quality of Joinville's narrative is its perfect naturalness. He has no thought of concealing his true feelings, or of affecting sentiment that he does not feel. His sentences have the directness and force of the verse of a ballad. He is not careful of literary elegance, he thinks not at all of the impression he is to make as a writer, he regards only the truth.

Joinville took with him nine knights and many soldiers. He was accompanied by one of his cousins at the head of another band of followers, and in August they reached Marseilles, whither they had despatched a messenger in advance to charter a vessel for them in common, and to make ready for their sailing. When they were all embarked, and everything was ready for departure, the master of the vessel called to the clerks and priests, " and when they had come forward, he cried out to them, ' Sing, in the name of God,' and they sang all with one voice, ' Veni creator spiritus.' And then he cried to his sailors, ' Make sail in the name of God,' — and they did so. And in a short time the wind struck the sail, and carried us out of sight of land, so that we saw only the sky and the water; and every day the wind took us farther away from the land where we were born. And I speak of these things to you,

because he is very foolhardy who dares to put himself in such peril, if he have taken the goods of others, or is in mortal sin; for one goes to sleep in the evening there where he does not know but he shall find himself at the bottom of the sea.” (p. 40.)

It was not till late in the autumn that the army of the crusaders was finally collected in Cyprus. It was deemed unwise to proceed farther during the winter; and, spite of all the evils of delay, month after month passed in inaction. The provisions which Louis had sent in advance to Cyprus were exhausted; the climate proved unfavorable, and disease thinned the ranks of the crusaders. At last, in May, 1249, the host was made ready for a new departure. Instead of proceeding at once to the Holy Land, it was determined to descend upon Egypt, then the chief seat of the power of Islam. The Sultan of Cairo held dominion over the ruins of Jerusalem, the larger part of the interior of Palestine, and over Damascus, and a victorious campaign in Egypt would have resulted in the easy possession of the Holy Places, which it was the chief object of the King to succor and recover. At length, on the eve of Pentecost, the fleet set sail from Cyprus. “It was a very beautiful thing to see,” says Joinville, “for it seemed as if the whole sea, as far as the eye could reach, was covered with the sails of the vessels, which were eighteen hundred in number, large and small.” On board were about two thousand eight hundred knights, with a far greater number of foot-soldiers, archers, and crossbowmen. A storm sprang up the next day, which separated a great part of the fleet from the King, who on his arrival at the coast of Egypt, near Damietta, was accompanied by not more than seven hundred of his knights. A council was held, which advised delay; but Louis determined not to wait for the reassembling of his force, but to land at once, although the host of the Sultan was drawn up to defend the shore. The King addressed some words full of faith and courage to his barons. “My faithful friends,” said he, “we shall be unconquerable if we are united in love. It is not without the permission of God that we have reached here so speedily. I am not France, I am not the Holy Church; I am only one man, whose life will be blown out like

that of any other man whenever it pleases God. Whatever happens, we are safe. If we are conquered, we shall fly up to heaven as martyrs ; if we conquer, it will be for the glory of the Lord, and that of all France, or rather of all Christendom, will be the greater. God, who foresees all, has not raised me up in vain ; it must be that he has some great design. Let us fight for Christ, and he shall triumph in us, and to his name, and not to us, shall glory, honor, and benediction be given.' *

The religious enthusiasm of the King, although shared to its full extent by few of his followers, roused the ardor of all. In the morning of the Friday before Trinity, the landing was made. Joinville brings the scene before us with great picturesqueness. The knights and their followers, leaving the larger vessels, embarked in boats, and each as he best could made for the shore. Joinville was among the first to land, but, as if in thought of the first words of the King's address, he tell us, "I put into my little barge two very valiant bachelors, one of whom was named Monseigneur Villain de Versey, and the other Monseigneur Guillaume de Danmartin, who had had a bitter quarrel one with the other, and no one could make peace between them, for they had taken each other by the hair in the Morea ; and I made them lay down their ill-will, and kiss each other, for I swore upon the holy relics that we would not go to land while their ill-will lasted."

This little story brings the young knight and his companions vividly before us. When they reached the land they stood firm, side by side, against the cavalry of the enemy, that galloped against them, but could not break their quickly formed line. The crusaders, on coming to shore, struck the points of their shields in the sand of the beach, and, sticking the butts of their lances also in the sand with the heads toward the Saracens, made for themselves a perfect wall for defence. But of all the knights the one who came most nobly was the Count of Jaffa, "for his galley was painted within and without with escutcheons of his arms, which arms are a field

* This speech of Louis is contained in a letter written by one Gui, an officer of the household of the Viscount de Melun, to his brother, a student at Paris. It is printed among the "Additamenta" to the Chronicle of Matthew Paris, p. 108, edition of 1644.

of gold bearing a red cross.* There were full three hundred rowers in his galley, and by each rower was a round shield of his arms, and at each shield a little banner embroidered with his arms in gold ; and as he came, it seemed as if his galley flew, so did the rowers strain at the oars, and it seemed as if thunder was falling from heaven with the noise made by the little banners, and by the timbals and the drums and saracenesque horns that were in the galley. As soon as she struck the sand as far up as they could bring her, he and his knights leaped from the galley excellently well armed and equipped, and came to put themselves at our side.” † Nor was the King long behind. “At our right hand, at about the distance of a great crossbow shot, came the galley bearing the banner of St. Denis.” The King was following it in a galley with the Legate, but when he saw it reach the land, not waiting for his own boat to come to shore, “he leaped into the sea, where the water came up to his armpits, and came on, with his shield on his neck, his helmet on his head, and sword in hand, to where his people stood on the border of the sea. And when he saw the Saracens, he put his sword under his arm and his shield before him, and would have rushed upon them if the good men with him would have allowed.” The King would have been well content to mount to heaven at once as a martyr. He was a true enthusiast, and he counted no cost too great, no sacrifice grievous, in the pursuit of his ardent fancies. And yet he was not a mere enthusiast, but he was also a man of prudent and forecasting counsels ; and it is this mingling in him of the nature of the visionary and of the man of practical sense that gives to his character an unusual interest, and has made it difficult for men to agree as to the true interpretation of it. His complete nature must be comprehended by the sympathetic imagination.

* Heraldically, a cross patée gules on a field or.

† Joinville’s account of the landing of the army, though written so many years after the event, is far more picturesque and spirited than one contained in a letter that the Count d’Artois wrote, a few days after the capture of Damietta, to his mother, Queen Blanche. *Add. Matt. Paris.*, p. 107. But the letter is interesting as showing the intercourse that existed between Blanche and her sons. The letter begins, “To his most excellent and dearest mother, Blanche, illustrious Queen of France, by the grace of God, Robert, Count d’Artois, her devoted son, offers greeting, filial love, and a will in all things submitted to hers.”

His self-contradictions, his weaknesses and his strength, his virtues and his faults, his moral incongruities, are to be interpreted by the predominance at one time or another in his life of the opposing elements in his soul. At one time enthusiasm sweeps with its irresistible flood over the dikes of reason and judgment, but the flood passes, and the old walls of good sense, that had been hidden under the waters, reappear.

The fight on the shore did not last long. For the first time since the origin of chivalry the French nobility fought on foot; and this first trial was a triumph.* The Saracens were repulsed with heavy loss wherever they attempted to break the bristling lines of the invaders. They were disheartened by receiving no intelligence from the Sultan, who lay ill at some point inland; the rumor of his death received credence; the leaders, in that uncertainty of the fate that awaits them which is the lot of the chief men of an Oriental despotism when their sovereign dies, were in no spirit to continue the battle with vigor; a panic seems to have seized the body of the Mussulman host, and, turning from the sea, they fled in confusion. Such was their haste and alarm that they did not even seek shelter within the city of Damietta, whose massive walls might now, as in former times, have afforded protection to its defenders, and have enabled them to withstand a long siege. On the morrow the crusaders took unopposed possession of the city, which was deserted even by its inhabitants as well as by its garrison. The mouths of the Nile gave shelter to their fleet, and they had gained a firm foothold in Egypt. There was a general gladness. The good Joinville rejoices with the rest, but he writes: "Our Lord might say of us, as he said of the children of Israel, *Et pro nihilo habuerunt terram desiderabilem*. But what does he say beside? He says that they forgot God, who had saved them,—and how we forgot him you shall hear."

This marvellous success was, indeed, a great calamity for the crusaders. The ease with which the battle had been won inspired them with false notions of the courage and force of their enemies; the possession of Damietta, with its strong towers and walls and its ample stores of provisions, encouraged a mistaken sense of security. They had only to advance

* Histoire de France, par H. Martin, 4^{me} édition, IV. 220.

and conquer. But they allowed the happy moment for advance to slip by. While they waited to be rejoined by that part of the army that had been separated from them by the storm, the Nile began to rise in its annual overflow. Louis seems to have feared to move lest his army might be encompassed and embarrassed by the spreading waters. It was now the end of June. The weather was oppressively hot. The crusaders became demoralized by long inaction ; the Saracens regained confidence and spirit. The French knights and soldiers gave themselves up to revels and to license. As the summer went on, the city and the camp were full of wickedness and sickness. It was a strange host to fancy itself an army of the Lord, and worthy to fight his battles.

Almost six months had been thus worse than wasted, when the army was put in motion again to march upon Cairo, or Babylon, as it was called in those days. Queen Marguerite and the other ladies were left with a strong garrison at Damietta. The advance of the crusaders was conducted with neither good sense, prudence, nor energy. A month was consumed in a march of ten leagues. The Saracens harassed the French with constant attacks, and inflicted injury while receiving none in return. Louis seems to have been blindly confident in the Divine protection. His faith was so absolute and literal as to partake of the nature of fatalism. At the end of December the crusaders found themselves at the junction of the canal of Achmoum with the Nile, opposite the town of Mansourah, on the farther bank of the canal. In order to cross the canal, they set about making a causeway ; but as the causeway advanced from the one bank, the Saracens dug away the earth from the other, and, with all their toil, the crusaders made no progress. Moreover, the working parties were exposed to the stones, arrows, and, worse than all, the Greek fire thrown by the engines of the enemy, to which they had only imperfect means of reply. Their camp was attacked from the rear, and defended only with a hard fight.

“One evening it happened,” says Joinville, “where we were watching the wooden castles,* that they brought up against us a machine that is

* *Chas-chastiaus.* Covered galleries of wood flanked by towers, upon wheels, for the defence of the working parties, and for the discharge of missiles.

called a mangonel,† which they had not before done, and put the Greek fire into its sling. When Monseigneur Gautier du Cureil, the good knight, who was with me, saw this, he spoke thus to us : ‘ Gentlemen, we are in the greatest peril that we ever were ; for if they burn our castles and our shelters, we are lost and burned, and if we desert our defences, that have been given to us to guard, we are dishonored, — wherefore none can protect us from this peril but God. So I advise and counsel you that, every time they cast this fire at us, we all throw ourselves on our arms and knees and pray our Lord to keep us from this peril.’ So soon as they cast the first sling, we fell on our hands and knees, as he had recommended us ; and it came between our two castles, and fell in a place before us. The manner of the Greek fire was such that it came through the air as big as a little cask of verjuice, and the tail that followed it was as big as a great sword. It made such a noise in its coming that it seemed to be the thunder of heaven ; it seemed a dragon that flew through the air ; it threw out so great brightness that one saw through the host as if it had been day, for the great plenty of fire that threw out the great brightness. Three times that evening they threw the Greek fire at us, and four times they shot it at us from a crossbow. Every time that our holy king heard that they threw the Greek fire at us, he raised himself in bed, and stretched his hands toward our Lord, and said, weeping, ‘ Good Lord God, guard me my people.’ And I believe truly that his prayers did us good service at our need. That night, every time the fire fell, he sent one of his chamberlains to know in what condition we were, and if the fire had not done us harm.” — p. 65.

His watchful tenderness for his soldiers on all occasions made St. Louis dear to his whole army. The confidence he exhibited in immediate Providential interposition in seasons of danger was shared by all his followers, and was, indeed, one of the most marked characteristics of the common Christian faith and feeling of the times. The belief in God was not a vague article of a creed, but a practical conviction of the heart. On all sides men were surrounded with what was mysterious and unknown ; and the sense of mystery and of ignorance encouraged a superstitious belief in the presence and constant operations of invisible spiritual powers. To the mass of men, every material wonder was in all honesty, and in the most simple sense, a spiritual manifestation. The storm was

* *Perrière*, or machine for flinging stones.

the breath of God ; the lightning was the flash of his wrath. Spirits of good or of evil encompassed them. On every side were perils and surprises, but miracles were wrought daily, as it seemed ; and if the Devil spread his pitfalls, the Virgin or the saints would interpose to protect from peril, and to guard against surprise. “ The boldest warrior walked in an habitual mingling of fear and of confidence, like a little child.”

Almost two months were wasted in these vain and enfeebling efforts to make a causeway over which the army could advance, and already there was thought of returning to Damietta, when information was brought to the King of a ford across the canal. At dawn of the 8th of February, 1250, the passage was begun. The opposite bank was gained, with but little resistance from the Saracens, by the first battalions of the crusaders, consisting of the Templars, and a body of troops led by the Count d'Artois, the brother of the King. Hardly had they crossed before the standing jealousy between the knights of the Temple and the other leaders of the army broke out in an open quarrel. The Count d'Artois, forgetting the orders of the King to wait for the passage of the remaining forces, was carried away by his impetuous spirit to propose an immediate onset on the enemy. The Templars were for holding back. The Count reproached them with cowardice and treachery. The taunt was more than they could brook, and in eager emulation the rival knights put spur to their horses and rushed upon the enemy. Such was the violence of their onset that they drove the Saracens like sheep before them over the plain, through the town of Mansourah, and into the fields beyond. But they had separated themselves too far from the main body of the army. The hosts of the enemy surrounded them. Great masses of the Mohammedan troops interposed between them and the crusaders advancing under King Louis. The battle became a series of detached combats. The French knights fought with desperate valor, but their enemies fought not less resolutely, and vastly outnumbered them. Clouds of Bedouins harassed them, and cut off all stragglers. There was no plan of action, there were no general orders, but each knight fought as best he could in his own defence. The Count d'Artois and three hundred French knights, the Earl of Salisbury and great numbers of

his English companions, and two hundred and eighty knights of the Temple, fell early in the day in the narrow streets of Mansourah. The Grand Master of the Temple escaped only with his life; one of his eyes was put out, and he was desperately wounded.

Joinville well represents in his inartistic narrative the confusion of this disastrous day. He himself fought like a good knight. His horse was overthrown; a great troop of the Turks, as he calls them, rode over him, threw him to the ground, and left him without his shield. With a few companions he gained the wall of a ruined house, where they defended themselves vigorously. They were hard pressed. "Then I thought," he says, "of Monseigneur Saint James: 'Good Lord St. James, whom I have sought, aid me and succor at this need.' When I had said my prayer, Monseigneur Erart de Syverey, who was wounded by a sword across his face so that his nose fell upon his lip, said to me, 'My lord, if you think that neither I nor my heirs should have reproach, I will go to seek aid from the Count of Anjou, whom I see yonder on the plain.' And I said to him, 'Sir Erart, it seems to me that you would do yourself great honor, if you go to seek aid to save our lives, for yours is indeed in risk.' And I said very truly, for he died of that wound. Then he asked counsel of all my knights who were there, and all advised as I had advised." This is truly a brave story of chivalry,—Sir Erart, wounded to death, solicitous to make sure that neither he nor his children shall be reproached, if he leaves his companions in peril while he goes to seek aid for them. Meanwhile the King was approaching, and Joinville tells us how he looked. "There, where I was on foot with my knights, wounded as I have told, came the King with all his troop, with a great noise, and a great sound of trumpets and timbals, and stopped on a raised way. Never before did I see so beautiful an armed man, for he appeared above all his people from the shoulders upwards, a gilded helmet on his head, and a sword of Germany in his hand."* In the midst of the battle one of Joinville's squires went back to the camp, and brought from there a fresh horse, upon which the seneschal mounted before going to join

* The German sword had a wide, flat, and flexible blade, and was of such size as to require both hands to wield it. The French sword was short and stiff.

the King. He was soon again parted from him in the confusion,—for the King was in the thickest of the fight, “and had it not been for his vigor we had all been lost, for the Sire de Courtenay and Monseigneur Jehan de Sailly told me that six Turks had reached the bridle of the King, and were leading him captive, and he all alone freed himself by the great blows that he gave them with his sword.” The day was intensely hot, but the battle lasted hour after hour. At last, toward its end, Joinville and the Count de Soissons and Monseigneur Pierre de Noville undertook to keep a little bridge, over which the Saracens were pressing to cut off the retreat of the King. The three knights sat side by side on horseback, now beating back the enemy, now making charges at them as they passed along the plain. Joinville describes the scene with great graphic power;—the river covered with lances and shields, with wounded drowning men and horses; the attacks of the Saracens, and the sturdy valor of the French; the close combats with mace and sword; the flinging of stones and of Greek fire by the Moslem foot-soldiery; the thick discharges of darts. “We were all covered with their darts, but it happened that I found a vest stuffed with tow belonging to a Saracen, and I made a shield of this vest, which did me great service, for I was not wounded by their darts but in five places, and my horse in fifteen. . . . The good Count de Soissons, (who had suffered enough from blows that day,) at this point at which we were said jestingly to me, ‘Seneschal, let this rabble howl, for by the coif of God,’ it was thus he swore, ‘we will yet speak of this day in the ladies’ chambers.’”

The two young knights fought not the less bravely for their thought of the fair dames at home. There is a touch of modern sentiment in the Count’s light-hearted words,—and that they struck a responsive chord of feeling in Joinville is shown by his remembering them after so many years. Indeed, it is difficult to bear in mind, as one should, so vivid and fresh is the Seneschal’s narrative, that it was written more than half a century after the events it describes took place. The memory of these deeds may truly have been kept fresh by the recounting of them in the ladies’ chambers meanwhile. Not all the French knights fought and jested that day as well as Joinville and the Count de Soissons; but Joinville has too keen a sense of

honor to tell who the cowards were. He only says : “ In that battle there were many folk of great boast, who came flying very shamefully toward the little bridge of which I have before spoken to you, and they fled full of fear, nor could we stay one of them with us ; I could well tell their names, but I will not do it, for they are dead.”

At length Joinville and his companions were relieved at the bridge, and toward sunset Joinville rode off to join the King on his way back to the camp. The battle still continued in scattered fights and skirmishes over the plain, and the Saracens pressed closely on the retreating steps of Louis. The heat was still oppressive. “ As we rode along,” says Joinville, “ I made the King take off his helmet, and gave to him my iron cap that he might have the air. And then brother Henri de Ronnay came to him, and kissed his hand all armed, and asked him if he had any news of the Count d’Artois his brother ; and he answered that he indeed knew news of him, for he was certain that his brother the Count d’Artois was in Paradise. ‘ Ah, Sire, you have good solace for this ; for never did so great honor come to the King of France as has come to you ; for in order to fight your enemies you have swum across a river, and have discomfited them, and chased them from the field, and taken their engines and their camp, where you shall lie this very night.’ And the King answered, that God should be praised for that which he had given, and then very big tears fell from his eyes.” And so they rode on. It requires little imagination to realize the scene, and Joinville’s simple words are sufficient to bring us into sympathy with his good king and himself. We are their companions in their peril and their sorrow.

The battle hardly ended even with the day. The French had gained a seeming victory in possessing themselves of the Saracen camp and machines of war. But they had paid a costly price for these advantages. The strength of their host was broken, and they slept that night rather as losers than as winners of the field. Many of the most valiant knights were dead, and of those who remained alive, the greater number were wounded and in no condition to renew the fight. But the enemy left them little repose. Deceived by the rich coat

mail of the Count d'Artois, the Saracens fancied that the King himself was slain, and counted on an easy victory over his disheartened followers.

On the third day after the battle they attacked anew the camp of the crusaders, and it was only after a long and doubtful fight that they were repulsed, leaving the French with fresh heavy losses to lament, and weaker than before not less in spirit than in number. A retreat to the safe shelter of the walls of Damietta was still open to them. But Louis and his advisers seem to have been blind to the necessities of the moment, or to have been obstinate in their fatalistic trust in succor from the Lord. They resolved to remain in their tents until the wounded and the sick should recover, and then to attempt a new advance. But, says Joinville, "after the two battles before told of, there began to come great mischiefs to the host." The bodies of the dead thrown into the river drifted on to its muddy banks and poisoned the water and the air. The fish which the crusaders ate during Lent were unfit for food. A terrible scurvy broke out in the camp. The enemy cut off all supplies, not only from the country, but also from Damietta, by placing their galleys on the river between the city and the army, and intercepting the boats that were bringing provisions to the crusaders. Soon the horror of famine was added to that of pestilence. The sufferings of the army were terrible. Joinville was confined to his bed with wounds, and with severe illness. One morning his priest was chanting the mass at his bedside in his tent. "He was ill as I was. And thus it happened that during the service he fainted. When I saw him about to fall, I, who was clothed in my robe, sprang barefoot from my bed, and caught him, and said to him that he should go on leisurely and by degrees with the sacrament, and that I would not let him go till he should have got through with it all. He came to himself, and performed his sacrament, and sang through the whole of the mass, and never sang again." (p. 92.)

Joinville does not tell us whether this was the same priest who not long before had sallied out alone against eight Turks, and put them all to flight, so that afterwards, as he went about through the army, men pointed at him and said, "See the priest

of Monseigneur de Joinville, who discomfited the eight Saracens." The priests who accompanied the crusaders belonged in truth to the Church Militant. They could fight not less well than they could pray, and to die in battle was to win as sure entrance into Paradise as to die chanting the mass.

The distress of the army became so great, that at last, according to the old narrator's forcible phrase, "the King saw he had no power to stay there, unless it were fitting that both he and his people should die," and he resolved to force a return to Damietta. But to retreat had become no less difficult than to remain. On the night of the 5th of April the sick were taken down to the river-side to be carried on board the galleys in which they were to descend the stream. The part of the army capable of marching prepared to set forward along the bank. The King, greatly enfeebled by scurvy and a violent dysentery, refused to leave this part of the host, and insisted on mounting on horseback to go with it. He gave orders to cut the bridge of boats by which communication had been established with the farther side of the canal on which the first battle had been fought, but the order was neglected, and this neglect was fatal to the retreating host. The Saracens, observing the unusual movement in the camp, poured across the bridge in great numbers, and fell upon the crusaders in all the confusion of their departure. They massacred numbers of the sick, who, incapable of defence, were not yet embarked. They pursued the flying troops. The King, hard pressed, was valiantly defended. "He told me afterwards," says Joinville, using a picturesque image, "that Monseigneur Geoffroy de Sergines defended him from the Saracens, as the good servant protects the drinking-cup of his lord from the flies." But it was of no avail, and the King, almost dead, taking shelter in a house, laid his head in the lap of a poor woman of Paris, who was flying with the army, and sent a message of surrender to the leader of the Saracens.

Never did sadder day dawn for the chivalry of France. The rout was complete. The whole army were slain or prisoners. Even those who had thought to escape on the galleys were intercepted by the enemy's vessels below, and all massacred or held for ransom. The Christian King and his brothers were

captives in the hands of the Moslem. Woe for Christendom! woe for the honor of knighthood! woe for the army of the Lord!

This terrible day may with justice be regarded as the close of the earlier period of chivalry. It gave the death-blow to the knight-errantry of the Cross.

Joinville, who, on account of his illness, had been forced to embark on a galley to go down the river, describes the scenes and incidents of his capture with his usual spirit. "We who went by water," he says, "came a little before the dawn broke to the point where the galleys of the Sultan lay. Great was the turmoil there, for they threw at us and at our people who were on the bank on horseback such a plenty of darts, all with Greek fire, that it seemed as if the stars were falling from heaven." Many of the vessels were set on fire, and, as they floated down the stream, lighted the horrible scene with their blaze, while the sick on board perished miserably in the flames.* The light boats, bearing the troops whom the King had appointed to defend the sick, all took to flight. On either side of the stream were numbers of vessels that the Saracens had taken, and which some were pillaging, while others were employed in massacring those on board and throwing their bodies into the stream. There was no chance of escape, and the only question was, whether it was better to surrender to the galleys of the Sultan or to the Saracens on the land. Joinville and his companions chose to do the first, though, as he tells us, one brave servant of his said to him, "'Sire, I do not like this counsel.' And I asked him what he advised, and he said to me, 'I advise that we let ourselves all be killed, so we shall all go to Paradise.' But we did not agree with him." It was not long before four of the Sultan's galleys came down upon his vessel. Joinville threw his casket, his jewels, and his relics into the river. Death seemed to him close at hand, but he was saved by the device of one of his sailors, who cried out that he was the cousin of the King; so that one of the Saracens, counting, no doubt, on a large ransom, protected him from the violence of the others, and carried him

* Letter of Louis, in Michaud, *Hist. des Croisades*, Tom. IV., Pièces Justificatives, p. 416.

off to the shore. Here again he was in great peril, and hardly saved from the fury of the wild crowd of pillagers. "Twice they had me down on the ground, on my knees, and then I felt a knife at my throat." But his Saracen protector rescued him, or, according to his more pious phrase, God saved him by aid of the Saracen, who took him "to the castle where the Saracen knights were. When I came among them, they took off my coat of mail, and for the pity they had of me they threw over me my coverlid of scarlet, lined with miniver, that Madame my mother had given me, and one of them brought me a white belt, and I girt it round my coverlid, in which I had made a hole so as to put it on, and another brought me a cap that I put on my head. And then with the fear that I had I began to tremble very much, and also with my sickness." It is impossible to find a narrative more ingenuous than this and so many others of Joinville. There is a perfect, unconstrained, childlike frankness in it, which is the result partly of the time at which he wrote, partly of the delightful simplicity of his own character. It is pleasant to hear of "the coverlid that Madame my mother had given me," and the honesty is delightful with which he tells us of his trembling with fear, adding "and also with my sickness." Men had not yet learned to be ashamed of the expression of natural emotions. A brave man had no hesitation in saying that he was afraid. The sternest of knights would not hide his tears. We see King Louis weeping, we see brave Joinville trembling and shivering, and we like them the better for being so honest to human nature.

Joinville was on the whole well treated by the Saracen emirs into whose hands he had fallen, and in a few days was taken to Mansourah, where the King and the barons and "more than ten thousand persons with them" were held as prisoners. "When I entered the tent where the barons were, they all made such great joy that one could not hear anything, and they praised our Lord, and said that they thought to have lost me."

It was not without difficulty that terms of ransom were arranged between Louis and the Sultan. But finally it was agreed that the King and the army should be set at liberty, upon the rendition of Damietta to the Saracens and the payment of eight hundred thousand bezants, and that a truce of ten years

should be established between the crusaders and their conquerors. The King and his barons were to have their freedom as soon as the city should be surrendered and half the ransom paid. The rest of the ransom was to be sent from Acre, whither Louis proposed to go, and the pledge for its payment was to be in the safe keeping by the Saracens of the sick, the army stores, and the engines of war, which were to be left at Damietta. These terms being settled, the King and his followers were embarked on galleys to go down the river to Damietta ; but their perils were not yet at an end. The terms agreed upon seem not to have been satisfactory to the more bigoted of the Mussulmans, and, two days before they were to be freed, a sudden insurrection broke out in the Saracen camp. The Sultan was assassinated, and for some hours the lives of the Christian captives hung upon the slenderest thread. Joinville tells of his own risk in a passage so full of *naïveté*, as to seem as if it were written with a conscious sense of humor. “At least thirty of them [the conspirators] came into our galley with bare swords and axes in their hands. I asked Monseigneur Baudouyn d’Ibelin, who knew the Saracen tongue well, what these people said, and he replied that they said that they had come to cut off our heads. There were plenty of people then who were confessing to a brother [of the Order] of the Trinity, who was with Count William of Flanders. But as for me, I could not remember a sin that I had committed, so I thought to myself that the more I defended myself, and the more I tried to escape, the worse it would be for me. And then I crossed myself, and kneeled down at the feet of one of them who had a Danish carpenter’s axe, and I said, ‘Thus died Saint Agnes.’ Messire Guy d’Ibelin, Constable of Cyprus, knelt down at my side, and confessed to me. And I said to him, ‘I absolve you with such power as God has given me.’ But when I rose up from there, I remembered nothing that he had said or reported to me.”

In the course of a few hours partial order was restored in the Saracen army ; and the chief emirs resolved on carrying out the agreement that had been made with the French king. Messire Geoffroy de Sargines was accordingly sent forward by Louis to the city to prepare for its surrender, and to obtain

from the Queen the sum required for the first instalment of the ransom. The Queen and her companions had experienced bitter suffering and alarms during the five months that had elapsed since the crusading army set forth in all confidence to go to Babylon. "Only three days before she was brought to bed, the news came to the Queen that the King was taken ; with which news she was so alarmed that every time she slept in her bed it seemed to her that all her chamber was full of Saracens ; and she cried out, 'Help, help !' And in order that the child whom she bore might not perish, she made an old knight of the age of eighty years lie by her bed, who held her by the hand, and every time the Queen cried, he said, 'Madam, fear not, for I am here.' Before she was brought to bed she made all go out of her chamber, except the knight, and, kneeling before him, she required of him a pledge. And the knight promised it to her with an oath, and she said to him, 'I demand of you,' said she, 'by the faith that you have pledged to me, that if the Saracens take this city you shall cut off my head before they take me.' And the knight replied, 'Be certain that I shall do it willingly ; for I had already well resolved that I would kill you before they should take us.' The Queen bore a son, who was named Jean, and they called him Tristan, for the great grief in which he was born." (pp. 119, 120.)

As soon as Queen Margaret and her ladies could be embarked for Acre, the city was delivered over, and the ransom was in course of payment, when it was treacherously once more proposed by some of the Saracen chiefs to slay the King and the barons. But the proposal was resisted by others more loyal, or more desirous to obtain the money that was to be sent from Acre, and after some hours of suspense, "when we thought ourselves all lost, and there were many tears shed, God, who forgets not his own, delivered us."

The last incident of the King's stay in Egypt was one that illustrates his character, and fitly closes the narrative of the disastrous expedition with the display of his simple honesty and quick sense of honor,—personal qualities rare in kings, and worthy to be set off as Christian contrasts to the Saracen treachery and dissimulation.

" Then Monseigneur Philippe de Damoes told the King that they had misreckoned with the Saracens a balance of ten thousand livres. And the King was very angry, and said that it was his will that the ten thousand livres should be given to them, for he had agreed to pay them two hundred thousand livres before he should leave the river. Then I pressed the foot of Monseigneur Philippe, and said to the King, not to believe him, for he did not speak the truth, for the Saracens were the greatest deceivers in reckoning in the world. And Monseigneur Philippe said that I spoke truth, for he only said it as a joke. And the King said, ' Ill befall such a joke ; and I command you,' said the King to Monseigneur Philippe, ' upon the faith that you owe me, as my liege as you are, that, if the ten thousand livres are not paid, you cause them to be paid.'

At last, on the 8th of May, the King, his two brothers, and some of his barons, set sail from Egypt for the Holy Land, to which they had thought to go so differently.

However much one may find to blame in the course and conduct of the crusade in Egypt, however one may be inclined to find the cause of its miserable issue in the disposition and characteristics of the King, in his want of judgment, his deficiency of foresight, his reckless faith, or his mistakes in field and camp, one cannot help sympathizing with him, as an honest, pure, and earnest man, in the bitterness of his disappointment and the keenness of his self-reproaches. No misfortunes that had ever been presented to him as the probable issue of his crusade, by those who had most ardently opposed his design, had approached in blackness the calamity and humiliation that had befallen him. Not only was the flower of the French nobility left dead on the borders of the Nile, but the honor of France in arms was dimmed. He, the leader of the French chivalry, was forced to buy his own life with gold. Far rather would he, had it been but the will of God, have died in battle with the Saracen, than bear this disgrace. To die even defeated on earth, would have been to win victory in Heaven. Well might he envy the fate of his good knights whom he mourned. It is the most remarkable trait in the character of Louis, and the proof of the sincerity of his religious affections,

that this overwhelming calamity, which he must have felt with the most poignant sorrow, seems to have been borne by him not only with manly and dignified composure, but with unalterable patience and uncomplaining sweetness. He allowed in himself no question of the will of God, no irritation toward his companions. His faith was no less ardent than before, and it exercised a still more serene control over his heart and life.

There was little heart now in what was left of the French host for a continuance of the crusade, and little thought save how to return most speedily to France. But such was not the design of Louis. He felt that something might yet be done by him for the holy cause. The Christians in Palestine might at least be encouraged by his presence, and the towns they held be made more secure.

Joinville, who had already won the regard of the King, now won his love and confidence by his loyalty, and by his fidelity to the cause Louis had so deeply at heart. He made the voyage to Acre on board the King's ship ; and while they were at sea, he says, "I, who was sick, sat always at the side of the King. And then he told me how he had been taken, and how he had procured his deliverance and ours by the aid of God ; and he made me relate to him how I had been taken on the water. And then he told me that I ought to give hearty thanks to our Lord for delivering me from such great perils. And he mourned greatly the death of the Count d'Artois, his brother."

The small remnant of the crusading army that collected at St. Jean d'Acre had lost all but their lives in Egypt, and the barons who had quitted France with the largest following and the best equipment were now solitary and poor. Joinville seems to have had none of his own company left, and was almost destitute of the means of support. But the little band of royal followers was united in memory of common sufferings, in fidelity to the King, and in hope of returning not without honor to France. One Sunday, not long after their arrival, the King sent for them all, and told them that his mother had written letters earnestly beseeching him to return, on account of the peril in which his kingdom stood from the attacks of the

English. "But," said he, "if I go, I am told that this land is lost, for none will dare to remain behind." Wherefore he begged them all to think well of the matter, and to give him their advice a week from that day. The issue of this council was of such interest, and the narrative of it is so illustrative of the character both of Joinville and his master, that, notwithstanding its length, it must be told in the old knight's own words. It is one of the best known and most delightful passages of his Memoirs, and it strengthens perhaps more than any other our affection for him and for his king. He tells us first, that, after leaving the King, he remembered a speech that Monseigneur de Bollainmont, his cousin-german (whom God assoil), had made to him when he was going over the sea.

"'You are going over the sea,' said he, 'and take care how you return; for no knight, be he poor or rich, can come back without dishonor, if he leave in the hands of the Saracens the least one of the people of our Lord in whose company he went.'

"The next Sunday we came back to the presence of the King, and then the King asked his brothers, and the other barons, and the Count of Flanders, what counsel they would give him, whether to go or to stay. They all answered, that they had charged Monseigneur Gui Malvoisin with the counsel they would give the King. The King commanded him that he should say what they had charged him with; and he spoke thus: 'Sire, your brothers and the rich men who are here have considered your estate, and have seen that you have not force enough to stay in this country with honor to yourself or your realm; that of all the knights who came in your company, of whom you led out from Cyprus two thousand eight hundred, there are not in this city a hundred remaining. So they advise you, Sire, that you should go to France, and procure men and money, with whom you can quickly return to this country, to avenge yourself on the enemies of God who have held you in their prison.' The King would not content himself with what Monseigneur Gui Malvoisin had said; so he asked the Count of Anjou, the Count of Poitiers, and the Count of Flanders, and many other barons who sat near him, and all agreed with Monseigneur Gui Malvoisin. The Legate asked the Count John of Jaffa, who sat near them, what he thought of these things. The Count of Jaffa begged him to excuse him from answering; 'for,' said he, 'my castles are on the frontier,* and if I advise the King to stay, they will

* Joinville's phrase is, *Mes chastiaus sont on marche.* The possessions of the
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deem it was for my own advantage.' Then the King demanded of him, as earnestly as he could, that he should say what seemed good to him. And the Count said that, if he could only do so much as to take the field within a year, he would do himself great honor if he stayed. Then the Legate asked those who sat after the Count of Jaffa, and they all agreed with Monseigneur Gui Malvoisin. I was seated the fourteenth opposite the Legate. He asked me how it seemed to me; and I answered him that I agreed well with the Count of Jaffa. And the Legate said angrily to me, how could it be that the King could take the field with so few people as he had. And I answered him, just as angrily, for it seemed to me that he said it to put me wrong: 'My lord, I will tell you, since it pleases you. They say, my lord, I do not know if it is true, that the King has not spent any of his own money, but only money of the clergy. Let the King now spend his money, and let the King send to seek for knights in the Morea and beyond the sea; and when they shall hear news that the King gives very liberally, knights will come to him from all parts, so that he can take the field within a year, if God please. And through his stay the poor prisoners will be delivered who have been made captive in the service of God or in his own, which will never be if the King goes away.' There was not one there who had not near friends in prison; wherefore none reproved me, but rather they all took to weeping. After me, the Legate asked Monseigneur Guillaume de Biaumont, who was then Marshal of France, and he said that I had said very well, 'and I will tell you the reason why.' But Monseigneur Jean de Biaumont, the good knight, who was his uncle, and had a great desire to return to France, cried out upon him very furiously, and said to him, 'Foul carrion! what will you say? Sit down and be quiet.' The King said to him, 'Sir John, you do ill; let him speak.' 'In truth, Sire, I will not.' And he was forced to be silent; nor was there one of the rest who agreed with me, except the Sire de Chatenai.

"Then the King said to us, 'Gentlemen, I have heard you well, and I will answer to you of that which it will please me to do a week hence.' When we were gone out from there, the assault began on me from all sides. 'Now the King is mad, Sire de Joinville, if he give not credit to you against the whole council of the realm of France.' When the tables were set, the King made me sit at his side during the meal, where he always made me sit if his brothers were not there. He never spoke to me as long as the meal lasted; and he did not even look at

Count of Jaffa, in Palestine, would have been greatly risked by the King's departure.

The Legate who put the question to the Count was the Papal Legate, Eudes de Châteauroux, who had accompanied the King.

me while we were eating, as was his wont. And I thought truly that he was angry with me because I had said that he had not yet spent any of his money, and that he should spend it liberally. Whilst the King heard grace, I went to a grated window that was in a recess near the head of the bed of the King, and I laid my arms across the bars of the window, and thought that, if the King should go back to France, I would go to the Prince of Antioch, who held me as his relation, and who had sent to seek me, until another expedition should come to the land, by which the prisoners might be delivered, according to the counsel that the Sire de Boulaincourt had given me. While I was there the King came and rested on my shoulders, and placed his two hands on my head ; and I thought it was Monseigneur Philippe d'Anemos, who had given me great annoy during the day on account of the counsel I had given, and I said, ‘Leave me in peace, Monseigneur Philippe.’ By mischance, with the turn I gave my head, the hand of the King fell across my face, and I knew it was the King by an emerald that he had upon his finger. And he said to me, ‘Keep quite still, for I wish to ask how you were so bold that you, who are a young man, dared to advise my stay, against all the great men and the wise of France who advised my going.’ ‘Sire,’ said I, ‘I should have wickedness in my heart, had I not advised you on no account to do so.’ ‘Do you say,’ said he, ‘that I should do ill were I to go?’ ‘So may God help me, Sire,’ said I, ‘yes.’ And he said to me, ‘If I stay, will you stay?’ And I said to him, ‘Yes, if I can either with my own means or with those of others.’ ‘Now be wholly at ease,’ said he, ‘for I give you hearty thanks for that which you have counselled me, but speak of this to no one all this week.’ I was very glad of this speech, and I defended myself very boldly against those who assailed me.”

On the next Sunday the nobles again assembled in the presence of the King, and he told them, after thanking them for the counsel they had given him, that he had determined to stay, lest by his going the kingdom of Jerusalem should be lost. “Many there were who heard these words who were amazed, and many there were who wept.”* (p. 131.)

* Louis himself gave an account of the motives which led to his determination in a letter addressed “To his dear and faithful prelates, barons, warriors, citizens, burgesses, and all the other dwellers in his kingdom,” which he sent in August, 1250, by his brothers the Counts of Poitiers and of Anjou, who returned to France accompanied by many of the nobles. In this letter Louis related with a frank simplicity the disasters of the campaign in Egypt, his own captivity, and the loss of his army ; and he besought his subjects of every class to take up arms in the holy war and to come to join him. He tells how the Saracens had violated the conditions of the truce,—

For four years after his deliverance from his Egyptian captivity did the King remain beyond the sea. In vain did he renew effort after effort, in the West and in the East, to collect around him another army with which to accomplish even yet some portion of his great design. But the chivalry of Europe had no heart for the work that was so dear to him, and he spent his money as well as his persuasions to little purpose in the endeavor to bring them to join him. He employed himself during his long stay in Palestine in strengthening the defences of the sea-coast cities and towns, which remained in the hands of the Christians after the loss of all that they had once possessed in the interior of the country ; and thus he secured the safety, for a time, of the inhabitants of Acre, Tyre, and Sidon, and other places equally famous and forlorn. But his chief satisfaction, and the circumstance that best justified his stay, was his obtaining finally the release of the Christian captives

how, when, after arriving at Acre, he sent back his vessels to Egypt “to bring the prisoners away (for the deliverance of these prisoners is our chief care) and the things we had left,—machines, arms, tents, horses, and many things beside,”—the emirs detained his messengers, and delivered up but four hundred out of twelve thousand, and would restore none of the property in their hands ; and how, worse than this, they had forced some of the younger prisoners by threats of death to abjure the Christian faith, and had slain others who refused to give up their religion. The blood of these martyrs cries to Heaven. “Already I was proposing to return to France, and had made preparations for the voyage, but seeing clearly by the circumstances before related that the emirs were manifestly violating the truce, contrary to their own oaths, and feared not to play false with us and the Christians, we sought the counsels of the barons of France, of the knights of the Temple, of the Hospital of St. John, and of the Teutonic Order of Saint Mary, and of the barons of the kingdom of Jerusalem.” The King then reports their advice to him, and goes on : “These things being carefully considered, we who had come to the aid of the Holy Land, compassionating its misery and calamities and grieving at the captivity and sorrows of our captives, although many dissuaded us from staying in these parts beyond the sea, preferred still to put off our return, and to stay some time longer in the kingdom of Syria, rather than to leave the affairs of Christ utterly desperate, and our captives in the midst of such dangers. . . . Up then, soldiers of Christ, . . . gird yourselves and be men strong to avenge these outrages and wrongs ; conform your actions to the examples of your ancestors. . . . We have preceded you in the service of God ; follow us for God’s sake, that you, though come later, may receive with us the reward that the Lord will bestow, as the Father in the Gospel gave like wages to the first and to the last laborers in his vineyard.” The appeal of Louis produced little effect in France upon those who might have responded to it in their own persons ; but it seems to have roused the sympathies of the poor and common people, whose hearts were touched by the goodness of the King and alarmed by the dangers to which he was exposed. Their exalted feeling

who had remained in the hands of the Saracens. Two hundred knights, a multitude of the common soldiery, and many children, were recovered. Joinville had been a good counsellor. The King, though he might return to France defeated and without glory, would return with no loss of personal honor, with no charge against him of having deserted his faithful followers, and the sharers of his calamities.

Unable to enter it as a deliverer, it was yet the desire of Louis to visit Jerusalem as a pilgrim. But though so near to the Holy City, he never, even from a distance, beheld its sacred walls. He had not force enough to fight his way to it, for Joinville tells us that the largest number of men-at-arms that he had at any one time in Palestine was not more than fourteen hundred. It was proposed to him, indeed, to go to Jerusalem under a safe-conduct offered him by the Sultan of

toward him and their zeal in his cause broke out the next year in the strange, wild insurrection of the *Pastoureaux*.

Michaud (*Hist. des Croisades*, IV. 413 - 420) gives a poor version of the King's letter. It may be found in Latin in the Jesuit Stilting's Life of St. Louis, *Acta SS. 25 Augusti*, p. 429.

M. Paulin Paris gives, in a note to the Life of St. Louis in *Les Grandes Chroniques* (IV. 323), a spirited song, written probably by one of the crusaders in view of the proposed return to France. It is curiously similar in sentiment to Joinville's expressions in his narrative. "King," says the song, "if now you set about return, France, Champaigne, and all the people will say that you have brought low your praise and have gained less than nothing; for you ought to have thought on the prisoners who live in torment, and ought to seek for their deliverance. Since for you and for love of God they are slain, it is great sin if you leave them captive. King, you have treasure of gold and of silver, more than any king ever had as I think, wherefore you should spend it more liberally, and should stay to guard this land. . . ."

"King, you know that God has few friends, nor ever before had so great need of them. Since for you this people is dead or taken, and none save you can aid them well, (for poor are the other knights so that they fear to stay,) if now you fail them, Saint and Martyr, Apostle and Innocent, will complain of you at the Judgment Day."

"Rois, vos savés que Diex a pou d'amis,
Né onques-mais n'en ot si grant mestier:
Quar por vous est cist peuple mors ou pris,
Né nus, fors vous, ne l'en puet bien aidier,
Que povre sont li altre chevalier,
Si clement la demorance;
Et s'en tel point lor faisiés défaillance,
Saint et Martir, Apostre et Innocent
Se plaindront de vous au Jugement."

It was not Louis that had need of such exhortation.

Damascus, but the proposal was rejected as unworthy of his honor, because if he, the greatest king of Christendom, should perform his pilgrimage without delivering the city from the enemies of God, all the other kings and pilgrims who might afterwards come would be satisfied, it was said, with performing their pilgrimage as the king of France had done, and would make no effort for the deliverance of Jerusalem.*

Joinville's account of the events of the long stay in Palestine is entertaining, but the events themselves were for the most part of little interest or importance. As in his previous story of affairs in Egypt he introduces accounts of the Bedouins, and of the Nile, and other matters which may give his readers a better understanding of the character of the campaign and the nature of the country, so in this portion of his Memoirs he tells us of the Tartars and their history, of the Old Man of the Mountain, and of other more or less remote people and things, for the illustration of his narrative, thus exhibiting his intelligence, the variety of his information, and the exactness of his observation and memory. But these episodes have less interest than what relates more directly to himself and to the King.

The reputation that St. Louis had acquired among the people of the East, by his virtues and his strange fortune, is shown by a story of a party of Armenians who were going on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. "They begged me," says Joinville, "to show them the holy king. I went to the King where he was seated in a tent leaning against the post, sitting upon the sand without carpet or anything else under him. I said to him, 'Sire, there is without a great multitude from Upper Armenia who are going to Jerusalem, and they pray me, Sire, to show them the sainted king (*le saint roy*), but I do not covet yet the privilege of kissing your bones.' And he laughed very brightly, and told me to go bring them in, and so I did. And when they had seen the King, they commended him to God, and he them."

Early in the year 1253, while Louis was engaged in restoring the defences of Sidon, the sad news came from France of the

* Joinville, pp. 166, 171 - 173.

death of Queen Blanche. The Legate was the first to hear it, and, taking with him the Bishop of Tyre, and the confessor of the King, he went to him and told him that he wished to speak with him in private. The King, seeing by his grave face that he was the bearer of ill news, led the way to his chapel, where, having shut the door, he sat down before the altar with the three prelates. The Legate broke to him the news as gently as he was able, and the King, when he heard that his mother was dead, knelt down weeping at the altar, and said, "Thanks be to thee, O Lord, who gavest me so dear a mother for the time that it pleased thee, and who hast now taken her to thyself according to thy good pleasure." Then the King desired to be left alone with his confessor, and they sang the office of the dead together.* "So bitter was his mourning that for two days," says Joinville, "no one could speak with him. Then he sent for me, and when I came to him in his chamber, where he was all alone, and he saw me, he stretched out his arms to me and said, 'Ah, Seneschal, I have lost my mother.'"

(p. 189.)

The death of the Queen Regent rendered the return of Louis to France of the last importance for the security of his kingdom. There was no longer a hope of accomplishing any great deeds in the East. The barons and knights of the little army became more and more earnest to return home, and even Joinville himself was among the most eager to go back, now that the return could be made without dishonor. The love between him and the King had grown stronger with his faithful service, and through the close intimacy of the years they had passed together in Palestine. He seems to have been among the very first to whom the King confided his intention of departure, and Louis's manner of doing so shows the pleasure that he took in giving pleasure to the young knight. One day "the King called me from where I was sitting with the chief men, into a field, and made me turn my back to them. Then the Legate said to me, 'Seneschal, the King is greatly satisfied with your service, and very gladly would advance your profit and your honor; and to make your heart glad,' said he to me, 'he bids me tell you

* Vita S. Ludovici, Auct. Gaufrido de Belloloco, c. xxviii.

that he has arranged his affairs so as to go back to France at this coming Easter.' And I replied to him, ' May God let him carry out his intention.' "

" Then the Legate bade me accompany him to his lodging. When he had shut himself in his closet, him and me alone, he took my two hands in his, and began to weep very grievously ; and when he could speak, he said to me, Seneschal, I am very glad, and I give thanks to God that the King and the other pilgrims are about to escape from the perils in which you have been in this land. But I am in great distress of heart, in that I must leave your holy company, and go to the court of Rome, among that faithless race which is there ; but I will tell you what I think to do. I think to stay yet a year after you, and I desire to spend all my money in walling about the suburbs of Acre, so that I may show to them quite clearly that I bring back no money, so they shall not run after me at all." (p. 192.) Strange words to come from the mouth of a Papal legate, and yet true. Virtue and piety dwelt with the French king, while they were strangers with the Pope ; and a good man like the Legate might well grieve to have to part from a company inspired by the example of Louis, and to go to the corruption, the simony, and the cruelty of the sink of Rome under the Pontificate of Innocent IV.

" After these things," continues Joinville, " the King commanded me to go arm myself and my knights. I asked him wherefore ; and he told me in order to conduct the Queen to Tyre, and his children to Tyre, seven leagues off. I did not answer a word, but the command was very perilous, for we had then no truce nor peace either with those of Egypt or with those of Damascus. Thanks be to God, we reached there in safety, without any hinderance, at nightfall, although we were obliged twice to dismount on the land of our enemies, to make a fire, and to cook food, in order to feed and give milk to the children." (p. 192.)

On the eve of the day of St. Mark, the 24th of April, 1254, the King and Queen embarked, with their company, to return to France. Thirteen vessels, large and small, formed the little fleet that set sail from the port of Acre. How different from that magnificent fleet of eighteen hundred vessels which had whitened

the sea with their sails as they departed from Cyprus five years before ! On Saturday they came once more in sight of that island, but a fog descended from the land over the sea, and shut out from view the great landmark of the Mountain of the Cross. The mariners, supposing themselves farther from the land than was the case, made sail recklessly, and so it happened that the King's vessel struck in the middle of the night upon a point of sand that ran out into the sea. There was great alarm and confusion among the eight hundred persons on board ; it was feared that the vessel would go to pieces at once ; the King, barefoot, and dishevelled, flung himself before the body of our Lord which was on the ship, as one who thought death close at hand.* Joinville tells with pleasant humor that in the midst of the panic one of his knights did to him "un grant débonnaireté," a great joke, "for he brought me without saying a word my furred surcoat, and threw it on my back, because I had on only my coat. And I cried out to him and said, 'What have I to do with your surcoat, which you bring me when we are drowning ?' And he said to me, 'By my soul, Sire, I would rather that we should all drown, than that you should catch a cold of which you might die.' "

At last day broke. Four divers were sent down to examine what injury the vessel had sustained, and each reported that not less than four fathoms of the planks covering the keel were shattered. Then the King called the master-mariners before him, and asked them their opinion in regard to the blow the vessel had received. They were unanimous in advising him to embark on one of the other vessels ; for said they, "All the timbers of your ship are started, and we fear that on the open sea it could not bear the shock of the waves, but would go to pieces." Turning to his chamberlain, to the Constable of France, and

* Godfrey of Beaulieu, the King's confessor, in his Life of Louis, c. xxix., says that before setting sail the King had obtained a special license from the Legate to carry "the body of the Lord" on shipboard, that the sacrament of communion might be administered to the sick, and to himself and his family when it might seem expedient. "This sacred treasure he caused to be placed in the most worthy and convenient part of the ship, and the precious tabernacle to be erected, and adorned with cloths of silk and gold." See also *Les Grandes Chroniques*, IV. 337. The custom of carrying the consecrated wafer on board ship at sea was not unusual. See Du Cange's note on this passage in Joinville.

other of his chief men, among whom was Joinville, he asked them what they thought ; and they agreed that the advice of the master-mariners should be followed, and the King should leave the vessel.

“ Then said the King to the mariners, ‘ I demand of you on your loyalty, if this vessel were yours, and were freighted with your goods, would you desert it ? ’ And they answered all together, surely not, for they would rather run the risk of drowning than pay four thousand livres and more for a ship. ‘ Why then do you advise me to leave it ? ’ ‘ Because,’ said they, ‘ this is not a like case, for neither gold nor silver can be reckoned against your life, and that of your wife and of your children, who are on board, and therefore we advise you not to put yourself or them in hazard.’

“ Then said the King, ‘ Gentlemen, I have heard your opinion and the opinion of my mariners. Now I will tell you mine, which is that I do not desert the vessel, for there are in it some five hundred persons and more who would stay in the isle of Cyprus for fear of the danger to their lives, for there is not one of them who does not love his life as much as I love mine, and perchance they might never return to their own country ; wherefore I prefer to commit my body, and that of my wife, and those of my children, to the hands of God, than to do such harm to so many people as are on board.’

“ And the great harm that the King might have done the people who were in the ship may be seen in the instance of Olivier de Termes, who was in the King’s vessel, who was one of the boldest men I ever saw, and the best proved in the Holy Land, who did not dare to stay with us for fear of drowning, but remained in Cyprus, and it was more than a year and a half before he could come back to the King ; and yet he was a great man and a rich man, and could pay well for his passage. Now, consider what the little people could have done, who might not have had means to pay, when such a man had so great difficulty.” (p. 197.)

The humanity of St. Louis was indeed well displayed on this occasion. It was one of his most striking qualities, and it was one which most affected the imaginations and won the affection of those who were brought into intimate relations

with him, as well as of the common people of his kingdom and of his army. It was a quality rare in those days, when cruelty and violence were not yet subdued by the milder forces of civilization, and when the lives of the “little people” were held cheap by their lords, the great men. The spirit of chivalry had done much to protect the poor and the defenceless, and to teach courtesy toward the humble, but it had not led to the acknowledgment of the real brotherhood of men. Its spirit was not that which inspired Louis. His feeling sprang from a higher source, and we recognize the doctrine of Christ in the words, “There is not one of these who does not love his life as much as I love mine.” No Sir Lancelot, no Chevalier Bayard, no Sir Philip Sidney, ever showed a tenderer and truer regard for the poor and the weak than this king. Compare with him the later Louises and Philips,—Charles IX., Philip II.,—the so-called *Most Christian Majesties* of more modern days.

Before the King’s vessel set sail again, so violent a wind sprang up that it was not till five anchors were thrown out that the vessel could be held from drifting toward the rocks, where she would have gone to pieces. When the wind sank, and the danger was over, “the King seated himself on the rail of the ship, and made me sit at his feet,” says Joinville, “and said to me, ‘Seneschal, God has truly shown to us his great power, in that one of his small winds, not the chief of the four winds, might have drowned the King of France, his wife and his children, and all his company. Now we ought to render thanks and be grateful to him for delivering us from this peril.’” Then the King went on to say that we ought to regard such tribulations as warnings, and should examine ourselves, and look clearly into our faults, and cast away anything in us that may be displeasing to God. “If we do thus,” said he, “we shall do as the wise.”

After a voyage of ten weeks, the King’s vessel reached the port of Hyères in Provence, then under the dominion of Charles of Anjou, the King’s brother. Here Louis landed, and hence he proceeded by land to his own kingdom. Joinville relates an incident that took place at Hyères, which is remarkable as exhibiting his own good sense and right feeling,

and the frankness of the relations existing between him and the King, while it also places in most favorable light the temper of Louis. He says: "Whilst the King was staying at Hyères to procure horses to go to France, the Abbot of Cluny, who was afterwards Bishop of l'Olive, presented to him two palfreys, such as would be worth to-day at least five hundred livres, one for himself and the other for the Queen. When he had presented them, he said to the King, 'Sire, I will come to-morrow to speak to you concerning my affairs.' On the morrow the Abbot returned. The King heard him very attentively, and for a very long time. When the Abbot had gone I went to the King, and said to him, 'I wish to ask you, if you please, if you have heard the Abbot with more good-will because he gave you yesterday those two palfreys ?' The King reflected for a long time, and said to me, 'In truth, yes.' 'Sire,' said I, 'do you know why I put this question to you ?' 'Why ?' said he. 'Because, Sire,' said I, 'I would advise and counsel you, that, when you reach France, you should prohibit your sworn council from taking anything from those who shall have business before you ; for you may be sure that, if they take, they will listen with more good-will, and more attentively, to those who shall give to them, just as you have done to the Abbot of Cluny.' Then the King called all his council, and reported to them on the instant what I had said to him, and they said that I had given him good advice." (p. 206.)

At Beaucaire, where the King was in his own land and his own dominion, the faithful seneschal parted from him, and, after an absence of more than six years, returned to his beautiful castle, which he had left with so many regrets, and which he had so often doubted he might never see again. But his absence from the King was not long, and he rejoined him again at Soissons. "He was so glad to see me, that those who were present were astonished at it."

Here the first part of the Memoirs of Joinville come to a natural close. At some future time we may trace the history of Louis in the narrative of the worthy seneschal, and in the other contemporary accounts of his reign, his second crusade, and his death.